A NEW LIFE OF THE ARTIST.

LIFE OF GUSTAVE DORE. By the late Blanchard Jerrofti. With 138 illustrations from original draw ings by Dore. 8vo, pp. 414. Macmillan & Co.

At last Miss Roosevelt's hysterical book on Gustave Dore has been superseded by an authoritative and temperate biography. The late Blanshard Jerrold was an intimate friend of the great illustrator, and, like Miss Roosevelt, he was pretty well convinced that the king could do no wrong. But he could restrain the expression of his enthusiastic admiration within bounds, and the present volume, published nearly seven years after its author's death, is a credit to his good taste.

Dore was born, with a caul, at Strasbourg, on the 6th of January, 1832. He came into the world with a gay disposition, which remained with him through life. But it was colored from the beginaing by the gloomy tints of the mediaeval age. The fantastic shadows of the cathedral rested on him at his birth, and he never shook them off. He presents a curious combination of morthern and southern characteristics, of the Gothic and the Romanesque. His imagination was luxuriant, riotous, as ef fervescent as that of Daudet's Tartarin; at the sam time, it was essentially grim, bleak, and macabre. One of the first products of his precocious child-hood was a "Voyage Infernal," which he wrote and illustrated in one of his copy-books. At the age of nine he made a drawing of the murder of Clitus, which for sheer horror is not far below the Dantesque designs of his maturity. At fifteen he was taken to Paris. His parents had encouraged his artistic proclivities, but never thought of permitting him to embrace an artistic career. He and his brother Emile were both to enter the Polytechnic School. Dore himself tells the story of his dedication to art thus!

One day I had passed the shop-window of Aubert & Philippon, on the Place de la Bourse; and, on returning to the hotel, I made some caricatures in the style of those I had seen in the window. While my parents were out, I went to the pub lishers and showed them my sketches. Phllippon looked kindly and attentively at these beginnings, questioned me as to my position and sent me back to my parents with a letter inviting them to call upon him. They went; and M. Philippon, using all his persuasive eloquence, prevailed upon them to leave me in Paris.

M. Philippon managed the "Journal pour Rire," and was the patron of Cham, Topfer, Gavarni and Daumier. He unhesitatingly ranked Dore with these men, and brought out at once his protege's first sustained effort, the "Labors of Hercules." The world to-day knows Dore mainly as the illustrator of Dante, Rabelais and Cervantes, which is partial proof of the slight value of his early work, but the latter was none the less of imense importance in the formation of his style. The pressing needs of the periodical press for which he worked spurred him on to swift and continuous production, encouraged and confirmed his "fatal facility." For years, Dore poured forth his caricatures. The burlesque with which he made his Parisian debut was a significant omen of the course he was ever after to purque. His labors were herculean. At the age of thirty six his drawings numbered forty thousand, and hundreds of these were done in his early years under Philippon.

It is strange to find this apparently careless and unscientific workman a believer in method. He told Mr. Hamerton once that he had systematically educated his memory, that he observed things as he walked, with the intention of remembering all he could of them. "By long practice of this kind," says Mr. Hamerton, "he can carry away with him a wonderful quantity of facts, and has even tested his memory by a contest with a photographic apparatus, a friend of his photographing a cathedral. Dore looking at it, and drawing it afterward at home while his friend developed the photograph. On comparing the two, drawing and photograph, it appeared (much to the astonishment of the photographer) that Dore had omitted no detail of importance, a few minor inaccuracies being alone discoverable.

This anecdote points to Dore's possession of

great natural abilities, abilities which Jerrold would hold, fitted him to ride the whirlwind and control the storm. "By his unflagging observation," he says, "and his trained memory, he got within his skull the secrets of grand effects, and into the vast Unknown." The truth is. relied too much upon his memory and his other natural gifts. Gautier was right when he called him "un gamin de genie." He was lawless and capricious, and never submitted cheerfully to training. As a consequence artists refused acknowledge him one of themselves. Jerrold found himself compelled to divide the "Life" into two parts, because Dore lived two distinct and separate lives, one that of the illustrator, the other that of the painter. As an illustrator he was praised, as a painter he was condemned. The explanation is not far to seek. Continual application to black and white work blurred and destroyed the slight color sense which he had originally, and the same cause militated against his handling the brush with mastery. Of course he would never how to the decision of the gods "My adversary is myself," he used to say. must efface and kill the illustrator and be spoken of only as the painter." Posterity will sympawith him, but will hardly agree with him! It will accept him-if accepts him at all-us the fertile draughts man who enriched the pages of Rabelais, Taine, Balzac, Dante, Perrault, Cervantes, Milton and Tennyson, with thousands of original and diverting illustrations. The Dore gallery in Bondst, may retain a limited popularity for years to come, but the "Christ Leaving the Practorium, with all its impressive qualities, will never do for the artist's fame with his illustrations have done for it. Those not only brought him fame, they brought him fortune, though it is denied that he was avaricious, as has been commonly believed. Jerrold states that \$100 was the price usually paid for one of the large folio drawings and that this purchased the copyright. On basis of this sort the Dante illustrations must have brought the artist about \$13,600, and as his other work paid as well in proportion, he must have been as artists go; extraordinarily rich.

In spite of the secondary interest which attaches to Dore's paintings, the "Life" contains few more readable passages than those relating to the inception and execution of the Leaving the Practorium." The " Christ The idea was suggested to Dore by Canon F. Harford, who pointed out that it had never to his knowledge, been utilized by any painter Dore grasped it eagerly. He began the composition in 1867, worked at it on and off, but did not finish it until 1872. Canon Harford came to the studie in the Rue St. Dominique to see it. He found it a crowded picture suffused with light. He looked at it thoughtfully and then proceeded to talk about other pictures in the room. Dore, who had worked at a higr pitch to satisfy himself, was disappointed and anxious. He went to breakfast with his oritic, and, after awhile, said: "You don't lik

Canon Harford admitted that he did not. He argued that the sky should be overcast, that the figure of the Saviour should be brought out in strong chiaroscuro.

Dore sat thoughtful and dejected. His mother protested that her son's masterpiece should not be touched. On the following morning Dore quietly asked his friend to meet him at the studio. was distressed at the objections, the justice of which he could not but admit. The time for sending the picture to the Salon was at hand, and he had been building high hopes upon the work he had labored at for two or three years. But before his critic and admirer came his mind was made up, and he was ready to receive him. He mounted his ladder before the glowing canvas, bearing a prodigious palette and brush. to his friend as he entered, he said:

"And with broad sweeps of deep, neutral tint he proceeded to cover the upper part of the picture,

working with feverish activity in order to obsoure all the bright light and get at a rough idea of the picture as it is now realized. The change was amazing; the figure of the Saviour stood well out in commanding majesty in the gloom of the sorrowful morning. When his mother saw

it she burst into tears. The impressionable Dore of this incident is the Dore of Jerrold's entire narrative. His was an artless, debonair nature, subject to frequent fits of depression, and capable of the wildest flights of morbid imagination, but always charming and ovable. Jerrold may not persuade many persons to believe with him that Dore was a great painter, but his memoir will be valued for the winning portrait which it gives of an original and ambitious character. The book is copiously illustrated with reproductions of drawings by Dore, only a few of which have hitherto been published.

OLD SAN JACINTO.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

LIFE OF GENERAL HOUSTON By Henry Bruce. 16mo, pp. 232. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Bruce, in preparing a life of Sam Houston for "Makers of America" series, found himself confronted by a difficulty which must beset nearly all lographical work of the kind. When a man has, even during his lifetime, become the subject of myth-mak-ing, it is only necessary for a few years to pass after his death for most of the circumstances of his career to take on a haziness incompatible with the securing of anything like an exact or faithful portrait. Sam Houston belonged to a class of American heroes about whom legend gathered both swiftly and thickly. There and propagate legend. There are several biographic of him extant, mostly written either before, or soon after, his death. Mr. Bruce found, however, few of these works could be depended upon. One was that peculiar political product called a "campaign blography"; an idealized, rose-colored, rhetorical and strongly imaginative piece of work, of which the guiding principle is to keep out of sight whatever may tell against the subject, and to magnify his virtues with irresponsible enthusiasm. Of course, if a writer wishes to give serious account of any public man, it is not to such sources that he applies. ton lived, and for some time after, the average biography of an American public man was not from the modern point of view to any great extent. The scientific historian had not then appeared, but the flamboyant provincialism which prevailed tended to popularize a kind of "life" which proceeded mainly on the theory that "we must be cracked up!"

Mr. Bruce discovered that with the vast resources of the British Museum at his disposal it was exceedingly difficult to obtain the necessary material for a life of Sam Houston. It was not possible to ascertain the correct account of incidents which were notoriously ver-colored or misstated in the old biographies; nor was it possible to fill the gaps in Houston's career which occur in all the lives alike. So he was forced to do the best he could and that seemed to him the nearest attainable approach to truth. Houston was in arkable a man, and his career was xaggeration and sham patriotic frippery was removed from his biography, it must yet remain impressive and interesting. So the present volume is founded upon the most trustworthy portions of the old lives, particularly Lester's, and upon this foundation has been built superstructure of such facts as the public records, H. H. Bancroft's invaluable histories, and the knowledge of living members of Houston's family could sup If the result is less picturesque and romantic the early biographies, it may be confidently rethan the early biographies, it may parded as somewhat neurer the truth than were those mpassioned works. In Sam Houston's case, as in that of every man who

attains distinction, an effort has been made to glorify his youth and to detect some indication of his future in the doings of that andeveloped period. But the effort here is singularly futile. All the facts show that Sam was a dull boy, with few educational oppor-tunities and fewer educational ambitions. He would not and could not learn. Almost the only book which he is said to have read at this time was, oddly enough, Homer's "Iliad" and that drew him so strongly that he almost knew it by heart. But he was to be a man with the Indians, who, tradition avers, adopted him. His standards of civilization were obviously low, or such a life could not have appealed to or satisfied him. But he learned many useful things from the nomads, and to the end of his life he was the stanch and true friend and champson of the Indian. In 1812 Houston enlisted as a private in the United States Army. In 1814 he was desperately wounded at the battle of Tohopeka. In 1818 he left the Army a second lieunt, and after six months' study was admitted to the bar. Just how he bore himself as a lawyer we do not know, for no doubt most of the stories about his oratory are apocryphal. But he was rising steadily, the food on which his imagination could journey and in 1821 was sent to Congress from Tennessee, State. At this point comes in the great mystery of his He married well, and three months later his wife left him. There was a great outery and scandal, but Houston refused to open his lips. Perhaps it is more surprising that his wife preserved the same in-violate silence. This latter fact indeed might warrant the expical in concluding that there really was no secret. At all events the world never knew, and clearly

ever will know, the cause of the separation. Houston, however, was struck hard. He resigned the Governorship, and plunging into the woods, resumed his old life with the Indians of Arkansas. The Texan trouble, which had been developing for several years, was now coming to a head, and apparently it saved Sam Houston from sinking into the position Government contractor. His friend Jackson was in the White House, and wanted Texas. Both he and Houston belonged to that order of barbarians who in all ages have thought they had a perfect right to selze any land the sight of which pleased them. The whole story of the annexation of Texas is a sort of Viking in which physical bravery and stirring adventur are made to conceal the most reckless and unprincipled spoliation. The Mexican War was of the same order. and the annexation of California. It was might made right from one end of the chapter to the other, in short. But Sam Houston was more than a Viking; he was a soldier of great ability. His campaign against Santa Anna conclusively proved this. He had the most intractable material to deal with that any leader could have been tormented by. His army was composed of men so very free and independent and Gollad these unmanageable troops of course burned to fight Santa Anna. Had they fought then they would probably have furnished material for another massacre. Houston insisted on retreating and draw ing Santa Anna on. It was as much as he could do to keep his own force together until the time came to fight and win the battle of San Jacinto. That great stroke delivered, it cost him almost as much trouble to prevent his men from shooting the Mexican President. Here again he showed the elements of greatness, and he carried his point, to the credit of

Texas. It was, however, as Governor of the State he had saved that his best work was done. The State had been mismanaged almost to bankruptcy by those who preceded him in the administration. It had no credit. Its failure to meet its obligations had impaired its Its failure to meet its obligations had impaired its reputation. The treasury was empty. Houston brought order out of this chaos. He restored the credit of the State, rectified the apparently hopeiess financial muddle, and quite literally replaced Texas on her feet. As United states Senator he did not make a deep mark, but he achieved the main purpose of his life when Texas was admitted to the Union. His last years were suddened by the war of secession. He resigned the executive office rather than accept the Confederate programme. It it said that this movement broke his heart; that he was never the same man again. But it is clear enough that by this time his work was really done, and his strength was greatly impaired by age and his wounds, one of which had remained unclosed for thirty years, draining his vitality at a rate which must have killed a man of less vigorous constitution. He had married a second time, and this wife, who survived him, was a blessing to him. The old man died soon after the fall of Vicksburg. He was true to the Union, though he loved his State too much to flight against it. His later years showed him much who shivived him, was a blessing to him. The old man died soon after the fall of Vicksburg. He was true to the Union, though he loved his state too much to fight against it. His later years showed him much mellowed, and quite gentle. But he had been a very rough and violent man, and at one time he narrowly escaped becoming as habitual drunkard. When a man gets such a nickname as "Drunken Sam," he must be very near the brink of the shyss, and Houston got as far as that. Texas and Santa Anna saved him, and gave opportunity to show the mettle that was in him. Like David Cockett, Sam Houston was honest to the core. That is a strong point in his favor. No money ever stack to his fingers. He left office as poor as he entered it. He had also a deep vein of chivalry in his nature. He was a manly man, emphatically; and the best that needs to be said of him is that after sifting out all the investions and exaggerations from his various biographies. Mr. Bruce finds in the residuan material chough to construct a story which leaves the impression that with many fau'ts and defects Sam Houston was a man descaving to be called great, and one of whom the American people may with a quiet conscience be proud.

tio., "The London Spectator" says: "We believe that the only safe thing to predicate about the aim of fiction is, that this aim is to satisfy. No doubt it will be at once said that this is no definition as all. Since men have different opinions as to what satisfies them, there

can be no telling what is good or bad in fiction. We cannot say a book is good or bad in fiction: 'We like, or do not like it.' This would be true if it were correct to say that men's opinions are, as a rule, different.
As a matter of fact, however, there are certain things which can be relied on to awaken the sense of satis-faction and delight in all normally constituted men. Hence it is possible to ask, in the abstract, whether work of art possesses the power of satisfying, and to inquire whether it will only satisfy individual tastes, whether it possesses the essential and permanent power of awakening delight. The more of this essential and permanent power of salisfying it possesses, the more perfect a work of art it is. That is what we mean when we say that the really great things in lit erature and art never go out of fashion, and when we aver that if the bulk of mankind agree to like something for more than one generation, it is sure to be good. It is then clear that it gives essential and permanent satisfaction, and does not merely tickle a passing fancy. It may be said that if we take this basis for art and literature, we shall find ourselves, like Mr. Howells, logically obliged to admit that the French realists are good novelists, because they please a portion of mankind. To say this is, however, entirely misconceive our meaning. Judged by our car.on, what is immoral in dritt is at once condemned as That which is immoral in drift had in art. may superficially please a certain number of for a time, but it has not the essentini and permanent element of delight, and is there fore to be condemned as necessarily bad in art. If art is to satisfy in the true sense, it must of necessity be moral, same and wholesome in tendency. Again it must also be true to life, or it will not satisfy. It need not, however, be . . . a mere reflection of life. Michael Angelo's 'David' is not a reflection of a man, yet it is a work of art."

NOVELS.

AND SHORT STORT 3.

THE FAITH DOCTOR. By Edward Eggleston. 12mo THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN.
William Morris. 8vo, pp. 188. Boston: R

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA. By Frank R. Stockton. 16mo, pp. 375. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. THE SQUIRREL INN. By Frank R. Stockton Illustrated by A. B. Frost. 12mo, pp. 222. The

PHILLIDA. By Maud Howe. 12mo, pp. 280. John W. Lovell Co. AS YE SOW. By Leander Richardson. 12mo, pp 265. L. Richardson. A GOLDEN DREAM. By George Manville Fenn. 12mo, pp. 263. John W. Lovell Co.

WE ALL. By Octave Thanet. With Illustrations by E. J. Austen and J. P. Birren. Svo, pp. 280.

NEW-MEXICO DAVID, and other Stories and Sketches of the Southwest. By Charles F. Lum-mis. 12mo, pp. 217. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Faith Doctor" is a story of New-York life. t deals with Christian Science and Faith Cures; not clumsily and with coarse ridicule and denunciation but skilfully and with a light hand. The two principal haracters, Charley Millard and Phillida Callender, are admirably presented. Millard is a man of society who has little ambition beyond the social pleasures in which he delights. The girl is a pure and highly spiritual woman, devoted to good works, and of a emperament so exalted that she is easily led away by a clever speaker who talks glibly about the pos dbillities of faith in healing disease. This episode throughout is excellently worked out, and Miss Bowyer, the Christian Scientist, is a portrait to dwell in he memory. It is indeed, as Mr. Eggleston states, done from the life, and it is probably little exagger The story is full of interest of many kinds. the pictures of metropolitan society being natural. subdued in tone, and yet sufficiently suggestive. The author has not, we are inclined to think, done better work than here.

Mr. William Morris has given us another of thos delightful archaic prose poems of the production of which he appears to enjoy a monopoly, in "The Story of the Gilttering Plain, Which Has Been also Called the Land of Living Men or the Acre of the Undying. It is open to any one to find an allegory in the charm ing tale; but to our thinking it may better be relished for what it is on its face, namely a reproduction of that extinct type of imaginative tales in which our remote ancestors sought relief from the hardness and dismaness of practical life. In this case, moreover, the author's vivid imagination is enhanced and adorned by the beauty of the English employed to give it expres The period is that of the Norse Sagas, and this also is a Saga, only less filled with slaughter than the genuine ones, and informed by a nimbler and brighter fancy. To follow the strange adventures of Hallblith stolen from him by the Ravagers of the Sea, is a pure delight, and his sojourn in the land of the Gilttering Plain abounds with striking and moving incidents. The American publishers have made their volume a fac-sim lle of the original English edition, with all its archaic

Mr. Frank Stockton is not less humorous than of wont in "The House of Martha," but his humor is wor with a difference. The idea of a love affair originating in a sort of conventual establishment appeals to tha sense of incongruity which is so largely responsible for the amusement which this author affords; and the minor incidents are scarcely less odd. But the writer's affectation of gravity is better sustained than usual and there is an endeavor to assimilate the story, at least on the surface, with the kind of fiction which defers to conventions. This gives an additional zest to the fun, which is the more lively from being delicately presented. "The Squirrel Inn," by the same prolifi utlror, is more in Mr. Stockton's original line, though he seems to have almost outgrown-or, perhaps, exansted-that vein of fantastic extravagance made his early stories such magazines of surprises. "The Squiffel Inn" is chiefly dramatic, and a vary good, rattling farce or light comedy could be evolved from it. "It is laughable and pleasant throughout, and there is plenty of "go" in it, while it contains a whole gallery of portraits of the queer, topsy-turvy Stock-

Mand Howe's "Phillida" is an interesting, well-writ en novel, though of the kind which calls for a tragedy by way of culmination. Not that this is against the story; quite the contrary. We prefer our fiction to be sad in these days, when pessimism is fashionable. In effect, a man who marries one woman, and then finds that she is cold and loveless, and next meets his affinity and falls desperately in love with her, is marked out for calamity in the hands of any novelist, and Mand Howe could not probably have done better with him than she has done. The tale is of English life, but the heroine is a Phillida and an American logue, a gift of description, and knows how to make her incidents effective. Phillida herself is a particuarly nice and lovable girl, and her history holds the

Mr. Richardson has written a strong story in "A Ye Sow," though perhaps the plane upon which the most of his characters move is rather low to expec much from them in the way of ethical example. story opens at the headquatters of a Harvard student who is in training for a prize-fight with the champion of the world. The young woman whose sowing and reaping are illustrated in the story is the daughter professional gambier, and her mother eloped from her father. Another leading personage is an English peer of great wealth, who is engaged in the agreeable occupation of drinking himself to death. For those who like such matter there is a really spirited description written and characterized by a vein of quiet satire on, afford the author many opportunities for telling sareasm, and the interest of the novel never sinks.

"A Golden Dream" is a story of life in Hayti, with such a voodon accompaniment as the demand for local color seems to Mr. Fenn to necessitate. There are color seems to Mr. wicked Frenchmen, and gigantic negroes, and crafty mulattoes, and lively adventures, but little character The author belongs to the old school, which sought to centre the interest of fiction in action : which neither knew nor cared anything about realism or introspection or psychological analysis, but just told a story straight out, and left the reader to determine what manner of men and women the people in the narrative were. Nor is this kind of story by any means dull or uninteresting, as the steady popularity of it sufficiently indicates. The fact, perhaps, that it does not require a special mental training to appreciate it is a recommendation to many readers.

Octave Thanet's " We All" appears to have been prinarily willen as a boy's book, but it will interest children of a larger growth, too. It deals with the adventures of a Chicago lad, who goes Southward on a visit. The negro sketches and those of plantation life at the present time are fresh and striking, and the mystery is well preserved until the proper moment for

stories Hinstrating life in New-Mexico and the South-west. He has travelled extensively in the region, and

knows the people of the country well. He writes with spirit and with much descriptive narrative power, and his stories are judiciously selected and effectively told.

LITERARY NOTES.

A "new" paper by James Russell Lowell ? Ever so; one new, at least, to most readers. It is the address on Shakespeare's "Richard III" which he delivered at Chicago several years ago, but did not publish. is to appear in the next "Atlantic."

What the Macmillans believe to be the first attempt trace the origin and development of what has now become a great political institution, will be found in H. Jephson's forthcoming book, "The Platform: Its Rise and Progress."

"The Magic Ink" is the odd title of William Black's iew novel. Mrs. L. B. Walford, the author of that remarkably clever book, "Mr. Smith," has selected an equally odd title for her new story. It is to be called "The One Good Guest."

Count Leo Telstoi, who has hitherto withheld the right of translating and publishing his works, has inerted the following notice in "Novoje Vremja": "1 hereby give permission to all persons in Russia and foreign countries to publish in Russian, or to translate into other tongues, all my works, written since 1881, and contained in the complete edition of my works, published in 1886 and 1891. extends to all my works, also, which have not yet appeared in Russia, and also to those which may appear

Quiller-Couch is still amusing himself with the "Realism," he quotes, "deals with the average, the everyday, the things that happened to you yesterday and will happen to me next

and he adds:

I was presented with this definition a fortnight ago, by a gifted and graceful adversary, and have been walking around it (so to speak) ever since, considering it on all sides, and always with a growing pleasure; for it seems to me to grant what I. In a confused way, have been trying to prove. Let me repeat a sentence or two from the remarks I made last week: If "realism" be what it is here defined to be, then "reality" covers all this and more—the raro as well as the usual, the striking as well as the commonplace: and therefore "reality" covers "realism," and the real covers the realistic, as the whole covers a part.

and the real covers the realistic, as the whole covers a part.

Very well, then—if the rare and the realistic be each a part of reality, I desire to know on what grounds the realistic gentlemen exait one part above another. Why, for instance, should the sparrow, a common and philoprogenitive bird, be better worth description them the infrequent kingfisher? Or why should use be likened to the Man with the Muck-rake, groveiling amid diamonds and opals, and refusing to lift his eyes toward the bath-brick held in angelle hands above him? I submit that any one who says "I prefer this or that as a subject for art, because it is usual and 'everyday,'" lays himself open to a reduction ad absurdum. For his opponent will preceed to get hold of the census returns, and will say, "I observe that the United Kingdom coniains more grocers than chimney-sweeps, and therefore we must believe that the grocer has some advantage over the chimney-sweep as a subject for the brush or pen. Then, having thus selected our here, we must kill him off—supposing we are writing a drama or novel—by the malady most jucident to grocers, whatever that may be . . . "And so we proceed, seeking the average at each step.

own theory: "I am not afraid of the Ideal for the simple reason that it is only the real. The facts of life happen confusedly, cumbered with irrelevances and separable accidents. The first duty of an artist (whether he be a 'realist' or not) is to strip away this mess and get at the essential. But his understanding this essential residuum must always be colored by his own temperament, because he is a man and no mathematical instrument. He will read himself into it as surely as the colors we see reside it our own eyes and not in the world outside them."

"Now I claim for this theory." adds "Q.," "o spicuous advantage. It lays all the responsibility on power and the temperament of the individual artist, and none upon Art with a big A. Art, you'll find, has generally scuttled into a corner when a big man has wanted room."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's young son, Robert Bev. rly Hale, is about to appear in the character of an

"Atlantic" papers which promise to be unusually in eresting are those on John Esten Cooke and Philip Pendleton Cooke contributed by the Southern novelist,

Steps have been taken to establish an "Anthors Museam" in St. Potersburg, to contain mementos and relies of famous Russian literary men and women. It is probable that the Poschkin Museum in the Lyceum School, will be incorporated in the new institution, i completed.

The author of one of the classics of the sea, the "Green Hand," is dead. Mr. George Cupples was a

very old man. Mr. W. S. Gilbert is one of the few authors who live there in exceeding peace and comfort. Gilbert was tions before attempting dramatic authorship. His experiences as a barrister were not directly remunerative, though they supplied him with hints to be afterward "I was not fortunate in my clients," he says. "I we'l remember my first brief, which was purely honorary. I am a tolerably good French scholar, and was employed to interpret and translate the conversations and letters between attorney, leading sel and ellent-a Parislan. It was at Westminster The Frenchman, who was a short, stout man, won his case, and he looked upon me as having done it all. He net me in the hall, and, rushing up to me, threw his arms round my neck and kissed me on both cheeks. That was my first fee. On another occasion I defended an old lady who was necused of picking pockets. Or the conclusion of my impassioned speech for the ence, she took off a heavy boot and threw it at my subsequently introduced the incident into an article My Maiden Brief,' which appeared in 'The Cornhill Magazine.' I joined the Northern Circuit and attended assizes and sessions at Liverpool and Manchester. The circumstances attending my initial brief on circuit am not likely to forget. I was to make my maider speech in the prosecution of an old Irish woman for stealing a coat. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and the memor of the Prince of Wales's Company, then on tour were present on the bench, and, I am sorry to say, at my invitation. No sooner had I got up than the old dame, who seemed to realize that I was against her, began shouting, 'Ah, ye divil, sit down. Don't listen to him, yer honner! He's known in all the slum of Liverpool. Sit down, ye spalpeen! He's as drunk as a lord, yer honner—begging your lordship's pardon.'
Whenever I attempted to resume my speech I was
flooded by the torrent of the old lady's eloquence, and I had at last to throw myself on the protection of the Recorder, who was too convulsed with laughter to in-Mrs. Bancroft says in her memoirs that I never got that maiden speech off, but in that she wa mistaken. The old lady had three months."

Some hitherto unpublished information about Charles Dickens will be found, it is said, in the forthcoming volume written by the well-known English Dickens collector, W. R. Hughes,

How did de Lesseps happen to build the Suez Canal He tells the story amusingly in an article prepared for "The Youth's Companion."

That tender and pathetic little book, "Tip-Cat," has successor in the shape of a story called "Pris." The name of the author of these books has never, so far as we know, been divulged.

Canon Ainger has edited a volume of "Tennyson for the Young."

A new edition of Denn Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey " is announced by

Mr. Blackmore is recognized as a prophet in his own country. While strolling about the railway station of reddington, where he lives, he recently discovered huge placard over the bookstall announcing a "new Doone' by a local author." Blackmore begged the clerk to remove the sign, but the young man protested carnestly, saying: "It is a did advertisement. I've sold fifty-two copie through It.

MELANCHOLY LITERATURE From The London Globe.

From The London Globe.

A well-known causeur has, I see, been mourning because, as he says, the literature of to-day is all so inexpressibly sad; and for this homily he takes as a text the fate and works of Miss Amy Levy. But is it really true that we are more meianchaly than is it really true that we are more meianchaly than is it really true that we are more meianchaly than as a text the fate and works of Miss Amy Levy. But is it really true that we are more melancholy than preceeding aces? Men at all times have thought so, but then it is because the individual as he grows older gradually gets sadder and sadder. No average paterfamilias of forty sees so much that is bright and light in the world as did the stripling of twenty. And he says the world is duller because he feels it to be so.

But is the literature of to-day really of a darker cast than that of bygone centuries? I don't think

Our greatest poet is not and, meither was his decessor in the Laureateship, William Wordsworth even Mr. Swinburne's melancholy is not so pensive as was that of Catulius. Much of our prose is not cheerful, but there is no tracedy of our time half so melancholy as "Romeo and Juliet," to say nothing of the Book of Job or the "Inferno." The truth is that in all times there have been writers, inspired or not, as the case may be, whose vision has been fixed on the less cheerful side of human life.

PLANS OF FRENCH WRITERS.

A TALK WITH EDWARD BRANDUS.

WHAT FOREIGN AUTHORS ARE EXPECTING FROM THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

Edward Brandus, representative of the French hors in this country, who arrived in New-York few days ago, met personally many of the great French writers during his sojourn in Paris last summer. Most of them, however, were old friends, as Mr. Brandus is the son of the well-known Paristan publisher, of that name and lived for many years in the capital of the great transatiantic Republic.
"Zola," said Mr. Brandus, in talking with a Tribun

reporter, "is living at his beautiful home in Meudan near Paris. He has the finest place there, furnished magnificently, and filled with trophies and eniros of all kinds. As is well known he makes immense su of money from his books. He told me, in fact, that he received \$6,000 for the right of publishing any one of his books in serial form. It may appear in that shape in "The Figure," or some other great journal. He receives \$4,000 for the right of translation into Spanish, and even \$2,000 for the privilege of translating the work into Portuguese. \$12,000, and that sum does not include the receipts for translating the book into German, Russian, Italian or English. The receipts from the sale of each of his novels in France itself are enormous, as is well known to all. I don't think he ever made less than \$20,000 from any single book to which he has attached his

"Zola," added Mr. Brandos, "has just finished a new novel, which is to bear the title of 'La Debacle, or 'The Crash.' He sold the right of publication in this country for \$2,000. It is interesting to note that it is the first French book sold here since the passage of the copyright laws. The novel relates an episode of the Franco-Prussian war, and is realistic and powerful.

Zola was enjoying the best of health when Mr. Brandus last saw him, a few weeks ago, although he was, as usual, working hard and steadily. "He spends a great deal of time, added Mr. Brandus, the bric-a-brac shops of Paris, as he has a passion for collecting rare bits of furniture, rare books and the like. He does not look like the traditional writer. He resembles one even less than the photographs sho stranger, seeing him for the first time, would take him to be a French paterfamilias of the wealthy middle classes. He is a good father, too, and has several handsome daughters who certainly do not speak as he writes, and I fancy are not allowed spend many hours over some of his books." As with Zola, Mr. Brandus said, Paul Bourget's

best friend was his publisher. added, "is a peculiarity of the French writers. They all get along well with their publishers, rarely hears of disputes between them. That is the way it should be, as the existence of these traternal relations proves advantaged to the authors and publishers."

"George Ohnet," continued Mr. Brandus, so popular as he was a few years ago. He seems, strange to say, to have outlived his day. His last

book, 'Dette de Haine,' was almost an utter failure It is said that more than 14,000 copies were returned unsold to his publisher. That, of course, is almost disastrous. None of his books has had the succe of 'Le Maitre de Forge.' He is discouraged over the ebb in his popularity, and is doing little work. is still comparatively young, not more than 60 years old. That, according to French traditions, should be an author's prime." M. Alexander Dumas, according to Mr. Brandus

Is also busy writing a new play which will be given to the public in about one year. "Up to the present time," added the speaker, "he has written comparahowever, he has the whole play mapped out in hi head. He knows almost beforehand what he intends to write. This play, by the way, may be Dumas's last one. It is said so at least. It will be produced a the Comedie Francaise next fall. The great author is living quietly at Marly, near Paris, in his beautiful house, 'Monte Cristo,' built by his father. Alphonse Dandet, Mr. Brandus said, had been in ill health for some time, but he had employed his days industriously in finishing two new books.

Mr. Brandus is confident that the French Copyright Company, or the association of French authors, will be beneficial to both Americans and Frenchmen

"In addition to the publication of book he added, "we intend to copyright music in all its form I think, in fact, that it will revolutionize the music trade in this country. New operas will be printed here. In connection with this another point is to be decided. We intend to discover by a test case whether if an opera copyrighted as a whole, its individual parts, so songs, etc., are also protected. We have also I arrangements with the publishers of engravin France, to attend to their interests M. Honasse Lebel, the greatest publisher

in France, to attend to their interests he M. Honasse Lebel, the greatest publisher religious engravings, is especially happy over tarrangement, as he has suffered considerably frepirates in the past. They not only copyrighted is engravings in this country, but even name. That, he told me, injured his busine greatly, as the work done in this country was i fector to that done in France."

"But," continued Mr. Brandus, "we think the nesciety will benefit American authors as highly as the French. We expect to be able to do the same thing I France for Americans as we do for Frenchmen her We like also to show Frenchmen that Americans intento uphold the letter and the spirit of the new law Frenchmen will no longer have reason to complain of their treatment. As long as there was no law to prevent their taking French works, Americans did so That will be the case no longer. Other nations, how ever, stole literary property besides the people of the United States.

"THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS."

FROM THE ITALIAN POINT OF VIEW. From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Not long ago we gave our readers a summary of a German imitation of our publication of "The Best Hundred Books." We have now the pleasure to record ye another publication of the same kind. This is a sturd; volume issued by Ulrico Hoapli, Milan, in which a hundred eminent Italian witters give their opinion (o course in Italian) on what are the best hundred Italian

books of all times.

The publisher states in his preface that, in the production of "I Migliori Libri Italiani" he was not actu outcion of "I Migliori Libri Italiani" he was not actuated by any commercial speculation, but merely by the intention of putting before his readers "il fore della letteratura Italiana," as had been done by "The Pall Mall Gazette" in "The Best Hundred Books," and at Berlin in "Die besten Bucher aller Zelten und Litteraturen." The three questions which were sent by the publisher to his hundred "ilffistri contemporanei" are briefly as follows:

(1). Which books have left the deepest impression on your mind? (1). Which books have your mind?
(2). Which are the best books for a well-educated young

Which are best for a young man starting on any (3). Which are best for a young man starting on any one career?
About 1,000 authors are recommended in the replies. Of the 100 literary dignitaries, and it is interesting to note the respective popularity of Italian authors in the literary Italy of the present time—the fact is suggestive that Manzoni, the author of the ever charming "Promessi Sposi," and not Dante, heads the list, of which the following writers have the largest number of write.

'Azeglio . The next in the list, placed according to the nur I votes they received, are Cantu, De Sanctis, Mo

The next in the list, piaced according to devote they received, are Cantu, De Sanctis, Monte, Redl, Amari, Settembrind, Tommasco, Vannucci, Berchef, Boccaccio, Botto, Grossi, Guerrazzi, Vico, etc. Remembering the nature of the questions which elicited the answers, one is not surprised that the author of the "Decameron" should take a humble vices by the list.

Another interesting feature in the volume are the these French authors are over the control of the co

with sixteen votes, Shakespeare comes next with eleven, Schiller has seven, and Goethe and Humboldt each five.

Not less instructive and entertaining than the answers complying with the publisher's request are the "asides" of the authors. Here, for instance, is Signor Salvatore Farina, whose answer to the third question is; "Let no young man become an author who has not an independent income. To the incorrigible ones, however, I recommend as models, Dickens, Sandeau, Victor Hugo, the elder Dumas and Manzoni."

Signor P. Mantegazzo, professor of anthropology at the Royal Institute, Florence, is very brief in his reply. After each of the three questions he only writes, "The great book of Nature."

The views of Signor Glosue Carducci, professor of Italian literature at Fologua University, are expressed in the following answers to the three questions:

1. The first question seems to me to be too wide for a definite repiy. I can only mention Dante and Petrarca.

2. I do not know.

3. In the history of literature, and in historical criticism in general, less depends on books than on method. In poetry and prose let each follow his natural inclination. If I am to recommend books I must first know the patter and aspirations of him whom they are to serve, and even then I should be doubtful how to advise.

VIENNA'S NEW MUSEI

A SPLENDID STRUCTURE WITH CONTENTS OF INESTIMABLE VALUE.

Vienna, October 21.

After sixteen years of building, this city boasts of the finest art museum in the world. Nor will of the finest art museum institution on the Ring Strasse, which was opened last week, he eager inclined to dispute the claim. In external arela tecture the building is a masterpiece. It designed by Baron Hasenauer, the architect of the Burg Theatre and of the Emperor's new Palas, with the assistance of Herr Gottfried Semper. The general style is that of the Italian Renaisures Rows of columns and pillars of imposing proper tions encompass the building on all four sign Between them and over the windows is a weak of statuary and other carving, giving to the ha pile of stone an air of life and grace. Over a rises a splendid dome, which here for the first time in this part of the world crowns a building to devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. In Europe to dome is distinctively a feature of church are tecture, and of church architecture alone. When Baron Hasenauer proposed to use it on this maken and on the Natural History Museum, at the other side of the square, many regarded it as a sarrien, and not a few of the "unco guid" are probably as looking for an avenging thunderbolt to fall the the impious structure.

Within, however, the Imperial Museum of In

is still more splendid than without. Six pen

sufficed to finish it, all but the interior decoration and these consumed ten years more. Perhaps to most striking feature is the abundant use of tole Gold leaf is spread about most lavishly, and then are marbles of every hue. Floors and ceiling and walls and arches are dazzling with chromatic tier The capitals and pedestals of the columns and gilt bronze, the floors are prismatic mosaics, to the ceilings are a sky of paintings. Much of the wall and ceiling painting was done by Han Makart, whose style was well suited to such es tended decorative works. The ceiling of the van entrance-hall is covered with one enormous pair ing, the work of Michael Munkacsy. It repo sents the apotheosis of art, and is particular bright and joyous in tone, contrasting strong with the other works of that painter. This has picture was painted on a single sheet of carry woven expressly for the purpose. So large was that a special building had to be constructed to a studio to hold it. It is said that every painte and sculptor of note in Vienna for the past years has been employed on the adornment of these stately halls and galleries. The chief interest, however, of course cent

in the contents of the museum. Some idea their value may be formed from the fact the they comprise all the art treasures collected by the Imperial House of Austria during the last for centuries; and the House of Austria has collected with a generous hand. Hitherto all these pietre and statues have been stored away in various palaces and castles, often in inaccessible place or where they could not be seen to advantage Now they are all put together in this one me umental edifice. The Austrian Court has been said to possess the finest collection of art wern in the world. Now, for the first time, the publi can see how well founded the boast is. Ma important works, especially old masters, are to to be seen for the first time by modern eye For generations the world has been ignorant their existence, hidden away as they were in dat and unvisited rooms of various palaces. Now the are displayed in the eighty enormous rooms of the second largest museum in the world. Among them are more than 150 of the masterpless Raphael, Titian, Velasquez, Durer, Rubens, Intoretto and Paul Veronese. There are non a the works of Titian, Tintoretto and Verones ben than in any other gallery in Germany. Here to be seen Raphael's loveliest Madonna Due's famous Trinity and All Saints, and the larged altar-pieces and best portraits of Rubens.

The ceiling of the great entrance hall is supported by eight colossal shafts of red granits. The

stairway leading to the next floor is eighteen feet wide and is built of the purest Carrara marble. On the first landing is the celebrated group of statuary by Canova, "Theseus Slaying the Cen-This was executed at the order of the city taur." of Milan, and was to be given to Napoleon parte. Before it was finished, however, Waterlos was fought. The Emperor Francis I then purchased it and brought it to Vienna, where for nany years it stood in a Grecian t Volksgarten. In bringing it to the Museum the clumsy workmen contrived to damage it some what, but the injuries have been repaired with so much skill that they are not to be noticed. This group is of colossal size, but it looks at a little distance to be of only ordinary dimensions, so va is the chamber of which it is the central ornames. In a special gallery are the water-colors which the Imperial family has gathered together the last has dred years. Many of these were executed for preents on gala occasions, and have hitherto be kept in cabinets or portfolios. They are now sen by the public for the first time, and are recognize as forming one of the very finest collections in the world

The ground floor is devoted to a display of Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities; works plastic art of the Renaissance; coins, gems, arm and weapons. The old marbles and bronzes are at numerous, but are of great artistic and antique rian value. There is one beautifully preserve bronze statue of an "Adorer," considered in argest antique bronze statue which exists, and number of characteristic Roman Emperors' heads as also quite a collection of statuettes like the of Tanagra. The collection received a valuable contribution some years ago, when an expedition to Gjol Baschi, on the South Coast of Asia Mine brought home most interesting reliefs from Lykian grave sanctuary, which illustrate the in and taking of Troy.

Other treasures of the museum are those gath ered by Maximilian I, Charles V and Rudolf IL There are the wonderful embroidered church poments, covered with pearls and precious store which Duke Charles of Burgundy ordered when the Order of the Golden Fleece was first insttuted, and which were brought by his daughter b Vienna with her dowry. A wealth of enancir-jewelry is shown in a hundred glass cases, massepieces of an art which has been lost. There are works of art of crystal, topaz, amethyst and emerald; splended pieces for the table, such as Rudolf II liked to put before his guests; and the saltcellar of Benvenuto Cellini is perhaps the very best work of that unrivalled maste haustible variety the glass cases display earing in wood and ivory, the gold intorsia, and disclared silver. Most admirable are the goblets, drinking horns, mugs and vases of gold, ivory, cord and silver. A whole room is filled with as clocks with automatic figures and music, were at the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries

The M seum was formally opened by the Esperor in person, attended by the chief diguihis court and of the municipality of taries of Vienna. His Majesty spent several hour is in specting the contents of the Museum, many of which, though his own property, were new to him. It was remarked that he seemed more animated and less melancholy than on any other occasion since Crown Prince Rudolf's death. A was noticed, however, that of all the builded the only part he did not visit was that where the collections left by that ill-fated youth are displayed. After going about the building, the Enperor went with the architect to a corner winder overlooking the Volksgarten and the magnifices edifices that surround it. He stood for man

minutes in silence, gazing at the splendid particular orama, than which scarcely any city in the work can present a finer. Then, almost with enthusiasm in his tone, he exclaimed: "Ah! The lamb of ours is a noble city, after all."

It may be added that this Museum is open free to the public on four days of the week, the other three days being reserved for students, such as in the morning till 1 in the afternoon. The other free days are Monday, Wednesday and the day, on which it is open from 10 till 3. The Emperor has richly endowed the Museum free his private purse.